

I Came Like a Wrecking Ball

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I Came Like a Wrecking Ball

by [fuzipenguin](#)

Summary

It had been Optimus' idea: community through fucking. Sunstreaker could dig it.

Notes

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“So... you’re not going to kill us all after this is over... right?” Gears asked, from the safety of the crowd of minibots.

“Or during?” Cliffjumper muttered balefully, looking at Sunstreaker like he might leap on them at any moment.

Sideswipe glanced over at his brother, their gazes meeting in identical amusement.

“Might kill *someone* if we don’t get started soon,” Sunstreaker replied, shrugging

nonchalantly.

The words were gruff, but anyone who knew him could see that Sunstreaker was playing. It was in the relaxed slope of his shoulders, the gentle cock of his hip out to the side.

Of course, not many could read Sunstreaker the way Sideswipe could.

“I agreed to this. You all did,” Sunstreaker added, waving a hand through the air to encompass everyone in the room.

Not that the entire Autobot army was here yet, nor could they all be. There still had to be at least a skeleton security force manning the Ark. Plus, not everyone was into it. If you signed up for the rotation, you had to be willing to both give and receive.

Sunstreaker had been into the idea. Very, *very* into it, much to Sideswipe’s amusement and great benefit. They had fragged for nearly six hours straight after Sunstreaker had signed both of their glyphs to the initial list of volunteers. He hadn’t even denied it when Sideswipe had suggested that he might have a kink.

“Yeah, but fragging the guy who is up for the night is different than actually being the one fragged,” Brawn pointed out.

That was the concept. Once a week, someone was chosen at random. Then for a whole shift, their body was freely given to the other members of the list, to be interfaced by anyone who wanted to use their valve or mouth.

Optimus’ idea. He’d been the first, although he had invited everyone, not just the mecha on the list.

Sideswipe felt himself warm up even further at the memory of that night. It had been a *good* night. Not only had the fragging been awesome, but there had been a burgeoning sense of community he’d never really experienced within the Autobots before. Sideswipe and Sunstreaker had found themselves growing closer to people they’d never paid much attention to prior to that night.

Not everyone was Optimus, of course. Jazz had been the star of the show the following week and while it had been an evening of delicious debauchery, the sense of spiritual acceptance and belonging Optimus had exuded hadn’t quite been present.

Still. A lot of fun had been had by all.

Now it was Sunstreaker’s turn.

Second shift wasn’t quite over, so only a quarter of the crew were present in the large room repurposed for this event. And all of them were huddled in the far corner, staring at Sunstreaker like he was a dangerous beast at an Earth zoo.

Sideswipe supposed it made sense. The two of them were generally particular about their partners, but one would think all the times they’d been caught ‘in flagrante delicto’ would have tipped *someone* off that they both had a pretty wide exhibitionist streak.

“I’m not going to kill anyone. Or even main anyone,” Sunstreaker promised solemnly, the corners of his mouth twitching. Sideswipe couldn’t resist pressing himself against his twin’s back and nuzzling the side of Sunstreaker’s neck approvingly. Sideswipe loved it when the lighter side of his brother came out to play.

But it seemed like the others still weren't recognizing it, so maybe it was up to Sideswipe to show them. He started pulling on Sunstreaker's hips, directing him backwards.

"And you don't care... about anything that we do?" Gears pressed, shuffling from side to side with a speculative gleam in his optics. He avidly watched Sideswipe hoist himself up onto the nearest table, scooting backwards so Sunstreaker could do the same in front of him. Sunstreaker automatically spread his thighs for Sideswipe's stroking hands, leaning back against his chest with an eager rumble of his engine.

"Nope. Anything goes," Sunstreaker said, his interface cover sliding aside with a soft chime. A low murmur spread throughout the gathered mecha as Sideswipe's fingers stroked the bared, heated pleats of his twin's valve.

"Except sparks," Sideswipe added, the amusement momentarily fading away. He hooked his chin over Sunstreaker's shoulder and stared down his comrades one by one. "No sparks."

They had agreed that they were fine letting the Autobots have access to their frames, but their sparks belonged to each other. Spark interfacing had been an optional box to tick on the list anyway, one which only a very few had indicated they were comfortable offering.

Brawn quickly held up his hands, nodding rapidly. "Of course. Absolutely, we understand." The rest of the mecha all nodded as well, looking ever so much like a collection of bobble heads.

Sideswipe's delighted laughter was muffled by the sound of the door opening and the stomp of multiple sets of pedes entering.

"What's goin' on here?" Ironhide called out, leading the charge. At least two dozen mechs followed him, all looking around curiously. "Thought someone'd be screaming in overload by now!"

"I've never screamed... but you're welcome to try," Sunstreaker replied. He hooked his right knee over Sideswipe's thigh, opening himself up further in clear invitation. Inside their bond, he practically quivered with anticipation, his hands restlessly kneading the outside of Sideswipe's legs.

Ironhide came to a dead stop halfway across the room, staring at Sunstreaker in shock. Many of the others wore similar expressions. Probably because few had ever heard that flirtatious tilt to Sunstreaker's voice or seen that particular heated look on his face.

Oh god... this is going to be so much fun, Sideswipe whispered. He bit down on the energon line in the side of Sunstreaker's throat and Sunstreaker arched his back with a throaty moan. Through it, Sunstreaker held out a hand and curled a finger at Ironhide.

"Want to give it a go?" he purred.

Sideswipe swore he heard someone whimper and his own engine revved, vibrating both of their armor. He bit down harder, arousal spinning in a tight circle between the two of them as Ironhide slowly moved forward, hungrily scanning Sunstreaker's frame.

"Yeah? You sure yer up for this, kid?" Ironhide growled, optics fixed on the vee of Sunstreaker's thighs. He licked his lips as three of Sideswipe's fingers slowly sank deep inside the bared valve, lubricant welling up hot and sticky around them.

"Not a kid, 'Hide," Sunstreaker said, vents already at full bore and blasting heat. His hips swiveled, riding Sideswipe's fingers with a needy grind. Ironhide groaned appreciatively at the

sight, his own array cover snapping aside. A beautifully thick spike started rising up out of its sheath, the tip gleaming wetly. Ironhide stroked it, its white biolights peeking in and out of view as his fingers moved up and down the length.

“I am *so* jealous,” Sideswipe whispered into Sunstreaker’s audial as Ironhide stalked closer. He unwound himself from Sunstreaker and scooted to the side, out from under his twin. Sunstreaker leaned back on his palms, placing his feet on the bench seat and replacing Sideswipe’s fingers with his own.

Sideswipe stepped in just before Ironhide reached them and kissed Sunstreaker on the cheek, cradling his opposite jaw to hold him still. “Have fun, babe.”

Sunstreaker grabbed Sideswipe’s damp hand and practically swallowed two of his fingers, glossa lashing at them to get all the lubricants. Ironhide made a choking sound, hand landing on Sunstreaker’s knee and clutching it. Sideswipe sympathized. His knees had just developed a pretty severe wobble of their own.

“I plan on it,” Sunstreaker said with a smirk, releasing Sideswipe. “Hey, you’re not going far, right?”

The tiniest thread of nervousness suddenly shot through the lust Sunstreaker was projecting. Sideswipe pulsed a wall of reassurance at him and winked his left optic.

“As if you could stop me. I’ll have a front row seat, love,” he promised. He leaned in again and gave him another kiss, a barely here brush of lips over Sunstreaker’s cheek.

“Everything ok?” Ironhide asked quietly. His hand reverently stroked up Sunstreaker’s thigh, but his expression was soft as he looked between the two of them.

“It’s perfect,” Sideswipe said, taking the opportunity to slide a hand up Ironhide’s windshield. He thumbed the edge, making Ironhide shiver. “He’s all yours!”

Sideswipe strolled away, knowing Sunstreaker was in good hands. Ironhide had known them a long while and he was both rough and soft in turns. In fact, he...

Knees buckling again, Sideswipe flung out a hand and grabbed hold of the closest mech, hanging on for dear life.

“Ok, there, Sides?”

Sideswipe looked up into Wheeljack’s concerned optics, his helm fins blinking a rapid-fire blue. His warm hands grabbed hold of Sideswipe’s shoulders and hefted him upright while Sideswipe worked on building several walls between himself and his twin.

“Yeah, I’m good,” Sideswipe replied, clearing his vocalizer. “Forgot to block Sunny out a bit. He’s definitely enjoying himself.”

He turned to look over his shoulder, leaning into Wheeljack’s side for support when he spied Sunstreaker and Ironhide tangled together on the table. “Oh, man... that looks as good as it feels.”

Sunstreaker had a death grip on the back of Ironhide’s neck, keeping himself upright as Ironhide repeatedly thrust into him. His pace was steady, each push of his hips smooth and even. Sunstreaker stared up at the older warrior through half slitted optics, lips parted to pant. His thighs were tight around Ironhide’s waist and even from here Sideswipe could hear the slick sounds their

bodies made together.

“Yup. That’s a sight for the record books,” Wheeljack said faintly. Sideswipe registered a heat against his hip and looked down to see Wheeljack restlessly rutting against him.

Fair enough. Sideswipe probably would have been humping him back except that he wore an inhibitor ring and his panel was locked down. Tonight was all about Sunstreaker. About what he could give to the others. Sideswipe was there to support him and to guard him, not indulge in any pleasure of his own.

“Want some help with that?” Sideswipe asked, hearing his twin moan behind him. The clang of metal meeting metal ticked up a notch in volume.

Wheeljack looked at him, startled. “Uh... sure? If you want?”

Sideswipe immediately dropped to his knees, staring up the length of Wheeljack’s frame. “No rule against a little side action,” he said with a smirk. Hell, last time, he had spied four other couples fragging each other silly while watching Jazz getting reamed by Optimus.

Ah, good times.

“True, but I...ahh!” Wheeljack yipped in surprise, hands clamping down on the side of Sideswipe’s helm. Sideswipe swallowed around Wheeljack’s spike and hummed happily. This was a perfect way to keep himself occupied. And he had an awesome view of Ironhide’s flexing aft.

Wheeljack quickly relaxed into Sideswipe’s mouth. He took his cue from Sideswipe, both of them watching the tableau in front of them. As if anyone could look away. Ironhide was nibbling on the side of Sunstreaker’s throat, Sunstreaker’s head tipped back to give him more room. Sunstreaker’s quiet moans mixed in with Ironhide’s grunts and mutters, his hand clutching Sunstreaker’s lower back to keep their bodies in close contact.

Sideswipe noted how Sunstreaker’s shoulders started tensing and the way his legs tightened against Ironhide’s hips. Sideswipe sucked harder around his mouthful, Wheeljack’s curse barely audible as he watched his twin creep closer towards overload. Sharpening his audials, Sideswipe focused on the increasing pitch of Sunstreaker’s moans, the way they got progressively more thready and thin. And then they culminated in a sharp cry as Ironhide roughly pushed forward, tilting Sunstreaker back at an angle which likely ground Ironhide’s spike rim against his anterior node.

Sunstreaker stiffened for several seconds and then shuddered, his grip on Ironhide loosening. He slowly slumped backwards onto the table, Ironhide following easily as his thrusts turned erratic. A minute later, he shouted and shoved in hard enough to jolt Sunstreaker’s entire frame. His pelvis ground against Sunstreaker’s, tiny jerks of his hips heralding his release.

“Sides... Sides, I’m gonna...” Wheeljack patted the top of Sideswipe’s head and Sideswipe returned his attention to the owner of the spike in his mouth. He winked up at the engineer and redoubled his efforts, prompting Wheeljack to give a strangled grunt a moment later. Warm pulses of transfluid spurted over Sideswipe’s glossa and he closed his optics, savoring each jerk of Wheeljack’s spike.

Yeah...

This was gonna be a good night too.

“Doing ok, Sunny?” Ironhide gasped against Sunstreaker’s hood. His forehelm rested there, large frame buffeting Sunstreaker’s with delicious heat. Sunstreaker let his arms and legs go slack, his feet landing back on the bench and his thighs spreading.

“Don’t call me that,” Sunstreaker said faintly, rapping a knuckle against the top of Ironhide’s head. Lingering tingles of pleasure swept over him, making his valve clench around the spike still buried deep.

“Ok... kid,” Ironhide said. He grinned as he pushed himself upright, hovering over Sunstreaker on his palms. “No pain?”

Sunstreaker rolled his optics. “Please,” he said dismissively. “Now get off me, there’s a line.”

Ironhide straightened up slowly, multiple joints creaking. When he looked over his shoulder, he whistled. “Yeah, yer right. Ok, well... enjoy yerself. And thank you.”

“... you’re welcome.” The first snarky reply died on his glossa when Ironhide looked at him, really looked at him, and smiled. It was an expression of appreciation and maybe a little awe, and Sunstreaker felt something warm burst to life deep in his chest.

The tiny little flame flickered higher when Hound stepped into view as Ironhide shakily withdrew. He held out a hand, and Sunstreaker automatically took it, using it to sit up. Hound was staring at Sunstreaker like he was the reincarnation of Primus, and Sunstreaker automatically scanned the crowd searching for his twin.

It’s cuz you’re awesome, Sideswipe said to Sunstreaker’s unspoken reach for reassurance. The words were surrounded by a ‘well, duh’ sensation.

Hound squeezed Sunstreaker’s hand, refocusing Sunstreaker’s attention on him. “Would you like to move to the bed?” he asked quietly, glancing over at the monstrosity in the middle of the room. It was where Optimus and Jazz had both started out, but Sunstreaker had never minded a handy table...or wall...

Still. He was in for a long night and sure to be sore in the morning. No need to make it worse.

“Yeah, ok,” Sunstreaker agreed. “What do you have in mind?”

He slipped off the edge of the table and a mix of fluids immediately started trickling down his inner thigh. Sunstreaker found he didn’t mind, especially not when half the optics in the room seemed to follow its trail down his plating... staring at it, and him, in admiration.

“Would you... on all fours?” Hound asked shyly, leading him to the bed. Sunstreaker nodded as he placed a knee on the edge but paused when Hound tightened his grip.

Sunstreaker confusedly looked over his shoulder. “What?”

“I... uh... I have a knot,” Hound said, ducking his head in embarrassment. “A lot of mechs won’t... and I don’t have to... I can pull out, it’s no...”

Sunstreaker straightened up and turned. Wrapping a hand around Hound's nape, he pulled him closer until their mouths met. He soundly kissed the other mech, glossa slipping between Hound's lips to glide against his upper denta. Hound moaned and automatically deepened the kiss, his other hand landing on Sunstreaker's shoulder and restlessly gripping it.

When Sunstreaker gently broke away, he smiled up at Hound, liking the way the other mech's optics were already dazed. "I've never taken a knot, but that's not because I haven't wanted to. So don't pull out, but I'm probably going to let someone else use my mouth while you finish, alright?"

Hound gazed at him with such frank gratitude that Sunstreaker had to turn and fling himself on the bed, presenting his aft instead of facing that expression any longer. He didn't deserve it. A knot wasn't an unheard of mod. It seemed like a lot of Hound's partners hadn't been a fan of it, however.

"Primus," Hound said faintly from behind him. "Do you know how beautiful you are?"

Shaking fingers stroked over his aft and Sunstreaker arched his back, pushing his rear end further into the other mech's hand. "Yes. Now get in me already."

Off to the side he heard Sideswipe's familiar laugh. He looked over to see his brother propping up a dazed looking Wheeljack. The engineer's spike appeared to be depressurizing and Sunstreaker could easily guess why as he noted the smear of transfluid on Sideswipe's cheek.

"Pardon his manners, Hound; what he actually means is 'why, thank you' and 'please'."

"No, I mean put your spike in me before I have someone else do it," Sunstreaker commanded, swiveling his hips in entreaty. Now that he had the prospect of a knot to look forward to, he was even more eager.

"Well, if you're lookin' for the next in line..."

Jazz sidled up next to Sideswipe, bumping their hips together with a wink of his visor. Hands immediately clamped down on Sunstreaker's waist and Hound practically dove onto the bed, his spike head rubbing against Sunstreaker's upper thigh.

"No, I'm ready!" Hound exclaimed in a rush. "Although Sunstreaker did mention keeping his mouth occupied..."

"Sold!" Jazz proclaimed, patting Wheeljack on the back and striding forward. "You ok with that, Sunshine?"

"Don't call me Sunshine, and I will be," Sunstreaker replied, ignoring Sideswipe's widening grin. Once others heard Sideswipe's nicknames, they assumed Sunstreaker was ok with them.

He wasn't, but they never seemed to believe him when he told them that.

Sunstreaker felt a moment of blunt pressure at his valve before his rim easily gave, allowing Hound to sink in to the root in one smooth slide. The deep thrust punched a grunt out of Sunstreaker and he watched Jazz approach through hazy optics, intently focused on the sensation of being full again.

As Hound took a moment to adjust, Sunstreaker glanced around. Everywhere he looked, mecha had their spikes exposed. Because of him. Because they *wanted* him. And as proof of that,

they would use all his holes and fill him up. At the end of the night, he'd be left wet and dripping and an utter mess.

He couldn't wait.

Jazz slipped onto the bed, idly stroking his spike. His head was tilted to the side as he watched Hound slowly get into a rhythm. It was a pretty good one: several shallow thrusts followed by a deep one and a grind which did wonderful things to his ceiling node.

"Did he tell ya about his knot?"

Sunstreaker shuddered as Hound's next thrust stuttered a little and turned rough. "Yeah. You've taken it?"

"A few times," Jazz replied, giving his subordinate a smile. "I bet you'll like it."

"Never been knotted before," Sunstreaker admitted to Jazz. "Any tips?"

Their bond shivered, and Sunstreaker knew without looking that his brother was somewhere close by. He would be avidly watching; Sideswipe had always wanted to experience a knot. And Sunstreaker had no doubt they'd be visiting Hound in the next few days so Sideswipe could get his turn.

"It's a slow swell, but big," Jazz said. "He's got a window of time that he can pull out if it gets to be too much. He'll let ya know."

"But don't worry; Hound'll take care of ya," Jazz promised, reaching out a finger to trace Sunstreaker's lips. "You gonna take care of me?"

Jazz's mouth curled up at the corners, his visor glowing a soft blue. In answer, Sunstreaker's glossa flicked out and swiped across the pad of Jazz's index finger.

"I really don't know how many times I have to tell you all this... but give me your damn spike already," Sunstreaker impatiently replied.

Hound's spike currently felt good... a nice width and length, but at the angle he was thrusting at, Sunstreaker wasn't about to overload any time soon. He was in no hurry though. The members of the list weren't here to pleasure him; he was meant to bring *them* pleasure. And he wanted to make the notoriously experienced mech in front of him dissolve into a wordless babble of appreciation.

He seemed the type. Sunstreaker was related to one, after all.

Jazz laughed and shuffled forward on his knees. "Say no more, Sunshine. Here ya go."

Sunstreaker wrapped his lips around the spike head when it was in reach. And he might have used his denta a little as he bobbed his head downwards, but just once, for the nickname. Jazz didn't seem to mind; he just shuddered and laid a hand atop Sunstreaker's helm like a benediction.

Optics slipping closed, Sunstreaker devoted his attention to the hot, firm length dribbling pre-fluid into his mouth. He shifted his weight to one hand, using the other to wrap around the base of Jazz's spike, lightly squeezing. Then he went to work, licking and sucking and bobbing his head.

And he was right.

Within a minute, he had Jazz muttering curses and praises in a run-on, stream of conscious ramble. Sunstreaker slipped his hand around to Jazz's lower back, encouraging him to push deeper. Hound's pace was picking up behind him, and Sunstreaker suddenly desperately wanted the sensation of being used roughly from both ends.

Jazz obliged him, pumping into his mouth with short, little jerks of his pelvis. His hands tightened on the back of Sunstreaker's head and Sunstreaker just hummed happily. He dropped his jaw enough so that Jazz could thrust unimpeded and he did so, rocking Sunstreaker back onto Hound's spike with just the right amount of force to send a tingle through Sunstreaker's systems.

"Primus... *Primus*, Sunny... your *mouth*..." Jazz gasped. Sunstreaker flicked his gaze upwards to see Jazz staring down at him, visor blazing. "Gonna... gonna... can I... in your... your mouth?"

In response, Sunstreaker ducked his head back down, swallowing Jazz to the root and rippling his throat. Jazz's startled shout was echoed by a cry behind him as Hound's fingers dug into Sunstreaker's hips.

"That should be illegal," Hound moaned, hips pumping faster at the sight.

Sunstreaker definitely approved the quickening pace, and he thought that Hound's knot was finally beginning to swell. The last few times Hound had bottomed out, Sunstreaker's rim had registered an increased pressure against it. Proving Sunstreaker right, Hound spoke up.

"You... you have about another minute before I won't... won't be able to pull out," Hound warned, one hand tapping Sunstreaker's lower back.

Sunstreaker hummed an assent, making Jazz shudder. His fingers tightened as Sunstreaker sucked harder, his glossa lashing the underside of the spike head every time it slid past his lips.

Jazz whined, a note of desperation and need in the pitch.

"... amazin' ... *amazin'* ..." he murmured. "You... gonna... *ngghhhh!*"

Back arching, Jazz's pelvis thrust forward and he clutched Sunstreaker's head close, curving over his helm. Sunstreaker felt the first spurt of fluid hit the back of his intake and he forced down his instinctive urge to pull back. Instead, he rapidly swallowed, gently massaging the base of Jazz's spike to encourage it to give up every last drop of transfluid.

Jazz slowly sagged in place as his spike finished pulsing. He transferred his grip to Sunstreaker's shoulders and pushed himself upright. His hips twitched backwards and he slowly slid out of Sunstreaker's mouth, a string of lubricant connecting the two until Jazz collapsed onto the heels of his pedes.

He stared at Sunstreaker, venting hard. "Damn," he breathed. His thumb traced Sunstreaker's lower lip in admiration.

Sunstreaker preened, although the expression quickly fell as he registered what was happening at his other end. Hound thrust into him with several short, stabbing motions, the base of his spike noticeably enlarged as it prodded at Sunstreaker's entrance. Suddenly, the knot passed through on one rough push, lodging just behind the rim.

Hound and Sunstreaker both cried out, although Sunstreaker's voice was a little less exultant. He dug his fingers into the bedcovers and nodded at Jazz's concerned query.

“Sunny? You all right?”

“I’m ok,” Sunstreaker said, voice strained. It definitely stung, but mixed in with the pain was a feeling of pleasurable fullness. Sideswipe had fisted him before so the stretch wasn’t completely new. Just a little bit more abrupt.

Over the hiss of static in his audials, he heard Hound murmuring delirious gratitudes as he drifted downwards across Sunstreaker’s back.

“... so good... so tight... you’re so... oh, frag, yes... yes, that’s...oh, oh, *ohhh!*”

Hound’s systems roared and he clutched Sunstreaker tight around the middle, denta notching into the plating on his lower shoulder. Sunstreaker barely felt the bite, too focused on the way Hound’s pelvis kept humping forward every ten seconds or so. Each twitch corresponded with a pulse of heat deep into Sunstreaker’s valve.

“You’re doing great, Sunshine. Just keep venting.”

Jazz’s voice murmured soothingly into Sunstreaker’s audial and he distantly realized Jazz was kneeling next to him, stroking his arm.

“You get used to it fast,” Jazz continued. “Then it starts to feel good... real good. And this’ll probably help...”

He shifted and suddenly there were wet fingers slipping between Sunstreaker’s thighs, sliding over his anterior node in a slippery little caress. Sunstreaker choked on his own oral lubricant as the touch sent bolts of white-hot pleasure up his spinal strut.

“Keep doing that!” Sunstreaker demanded, thighs shaking with the strain of staying upright with Hound’s additional weight draped over him.

“Sure, Sunny, sure,” Jazz said agreeably. His fingers briefly dipped down to bracket the base of Hound’s spike and then they returned to Sunstreaker’s nub, rubbing it in little circles with just the right amount of pressure for Sunstreaker to start seeing stars.

“Fuck... *fuck*, don’t stop,” Sunstreaker muttered, head hanging down. His optics were open, but his vision was blurry, the majority of his focus on his array. He couldn’t stop seem to shivering... couldn’t stop counting each of Hound’s twitches and the subsequent spurt of his release.

He could feel it all sloshing inside him, more and more accumulating in the depths of his valve. At this rate, he’d be bulging by the time Hound was done. There would a veritable flood from between his legs when it was all over.

With that thought in mind, and Jazz’s fingers lightly pinching his node, Sunstreaker tipped over the edge of a precipice he hadn’t even known he’d been standing on. Whining helplessly, his elbows eventually buckled and his front half collapsed to the bed. It shifted Hound’s knot inside him, shoved it deeper, and Sunstreaker buried his face into the berth as a second overload arrived right on the trailing edge of the first one.

His optics squeezed shut, denta gnawing at the bedcovers as he struggled to cope with the overwhelming sensation. Fisting had always been great, but this was so much better. Feeling the transfluid pool inside his channel, knowing it was going to well up as soon as Hound pulled out...

Sunstreaker’s valve already felt full, but Hound just kept overloading, his words reduced to

deep, guttural moans. When Sunstreaker managed to shove his hand under himself and feel along the straining edges of his valve pleats, he felt a copious wetness there. Not enough to drip, but some of Hound's spill was seeping around the edges.

Jazz's fingers had slid away, so Sunstreaker's took over. He experienced two more strut-shaking overloads before Hound's hips finally stopped twitching. Then he just lay there, limply folded over Sunstreaker's aft. Which honestly pretty much matched how Sunstreaker felt as well.

"Few... few minutes..." Hound managed to gasp, weakly petting Sunstreaker's side. "Knot shrinks... in a few..."

"... you're good," Sunstreaker said truthfully.

"Are you doing all right, Sunstreaker?"

Another voice broke through Sunstreaker's haze and he turned his head to the side, cracking open his optic shutters. A calm, blue gaze met his, and Sunstreaker automatically relaxed as he stared into the depths of Optimus' optics.

"Good, sir," he slurred. "Want me to suck your spike?"

Optimus' optics crinkled up at the corners, no doubt in remembrance of Sideswipe and Sunstreaker sinking down on either side of Optimus' lap in tandem and Sideswipe asking nearly the same thing on the first night.

"That could be arranged. Although ultimately, I was hoping to take a turn next. As I understand it, Hound has a specific interfacing mod," Optimus commented.

"Yeah... 'sgood... should give it a try," Sunstreaker replied, knowing he sounded drunk, but completely unable to do anything about it.

"I will take that under advisement," Optimus said, his gaze flicking up as Hound made a soft sound. He shifted a little and Sunstreaker realized that a steady trickle of fluids was creeping down his inner thigh as his valve rim flexed and clenched around Hound's slowly shrinking knot. He still felt pleasantly stretched and realized that that was probably why Optimus had wanted a turn next.

"Still want to suck your spike," Sunstreaker murmured. He gave one great heave and managed to push himself back up onto his palms. "Get over here. Um... please," he added, remembering just who he was speaking to. And Sideswipe's words about his manners.

"Where's Sides?" he muttered, more to himself than anything.

Optimus took it as a serious question and raised his head, scanning the room. Sunstreaker didn't really need to look. Now that he concentrated, he could feel the weight of his twin's optics, and he followed the sensation to see Sideswipe kneeling between the legs of an exhausted looking Perceptor.

Sideswipe's lips curved up in a slow smile when he saw Sunstreaker looking at him. He blew Sunstreaker a kiss, accompanied by a slow, heavy caress along their bond.

Having fun?

You have got to try Hound's knot, Sunstreaker reverently replied. Sideswipe liked extreme penetration even more than Sunstreaker did.

Yeah, I already set up a date. Hound seemed really eager to for some reason. The bond flooded with amusement and Sunstreaker grinned wearily. If nothing else, Share Night was really giving them some interesting ‘facing experiences as well as making new friendships.

Optimus is going next, huh? Have I mentioned that I’m jealous?

Sunstreaker turned his attention back to the mech in question, coming face to face with a wonderfully thick red and blue spike mere inches away. His mouth lubricated a little at the sight and he honestly forgot about replying to his brother. Instead, he shifted so that he could mouth at the base of that glorious spike, licking his way up to the tip.

Hound slipped down Sunstreaker’s frame, finally pushing himself back onto his knees. He caressed Sunstreaker’s hips and aft, Sunstreaker experimentally swiveling his pelvis to feel the pull of Hound’s spike within him.

“Careful,” Hound warned. “I’m still stuck.”

“Mm.” Sunstreaker would be careful, but he also wanted Optimus’ spike. It was warm and throbbing and Optimus was staring down at Sunstreaker with appreciation and lust as he lipped at the wide length.

“Oh, Sunstreaker,” Hound lamented suddenly, fingers running over a sore spot on Sunstreaker’s back. “I didn’t mean...”

“It’s fine,” Sunstreaker said dismissively, looking over his shoulder as his hand fisted Optimus’ spike. “Sides is a biting freak; I’ve had way worse.”

“Yes, but still... you were gracious enough to let me...”

“Hound.”

The mech looked up, startled when Sunstreaker snapped out his name. “It’s fine. It’s so fine that I’m told we’re visiting you next week. So don’t worry about it. *Really.*”

Hound’s frown melted back into that look of reverence which made Sunstreaker’s insides melt. “Ok,” he said faintly. “I’ll be looking forward to it.”

Sunstreaker turned back and swiveled his hips again, only to feel Hound’s knot suddenly slip loose. That expected flood of fluids spilled out of him, hotly slicking his inner thighs.

“Oh, scrap, here, let me...”

“Still fine,” Sunstreaker said absently, pushing himself upright. His valve ached with the sudden emptiness, but there was a solution to that. He quickly shuffled forward and threw a leg over a startled Optimus’ lap. Sunstreaker grabbed hold of Optimus’ spike and held it still so he could sink down onto it with a pleased groan. His calipers rippled as they widened again to accommodate Optimus’ girth.

Normally, he’d have to prepare himself some, but after Hound’s spike, Optimus’ was just a pleasant stretch.

“Hound broke me a little, in all the good ways,” Sunstreaker commented, winking an optic at Hound’s bashful expression. “You may have to help me out here.”

Optimus’ hands settled around Sunstreaker’s aft, cupping it in his large palms. His optics

had darkened two shades since Sunstreaker had climbed into his lap and he didn't seem to care about the mess in the slightest.

"I see no problem with that," Optimus rumbled. He proceeded to easily take Sunstreaker's weight, holding him aloft by a grip on his thighs, and experimentally thrusting up into Sunstreaker's valve.

Sunstreaker lost track of things for a while after that. There were very few mechs who could easily mechhandle him and both he and Sideswipe always experienced an almost delirious thrill when they found someone who would. So Sunstreaker figuratively sat back and soaked up the sensation of being used as a living spike sleeve. The repeated heavy press of Optimus' spike head against Sunstreaker's ceiling node was an added bonus.

After Optimus finished, he gently laid Sunstreaker onto his back, those big palms reverently stroking down Sunstreaker's sides. He looked relaxed and content and that flame inside Sunstreaker's belly strengthened further with Optimus' quietly spoken 'thank you, Sunstreaker'.

Optimus' transfluid was still hot on Sunstreaker's upper thighs when Trailbreaker slipped inside him next. He overload quickly, adding to the reservoir of fluids steadily trickling out of Sunstreaker's valve. Then came Cliffjumper and Gears, both of whom still seemed a little hesitant. But not enough to not overload in his mouth and valve respectively.

Many more followed: Brawn spiked Sunstreaker's mouth while Grapple took his valve; Hoist fragged him from behind, aft hiked up high in the air; Bumblebee and Mirage took his valve together, stretching him open again. Perceptor, Tracks, Bluestreak... the line never seemed to end, each overload and each mech blurring into one mostly seamless stream of colors and sensation.

There were a few interactions that stood out.

Maybe two hours after Optimus, Prowl climbed up Sunstreaker's sprawled out frame and kissed him for several minutes, slow and sweet. His spike was a hot brand against Sunstreaker's side, but it never went any further. Instead, Prowl repeatedly ground his leaking valve against Sunstreaker's upper thigh, humping him until they were both soaked. Then he sat up, raising Sunstreaker's leg and sliding forward so that their valves met in a near frictionless slide.

Sunstreaker made an embarrassing noise at Prowl's first pass and out of the corner of his optic, he spied Sideswipe's distinctive red moving closer, gaze fixed on Sunstreaker's pelvis. Sideswipe would take notes for later Sunstreaker knew, so he lost himself in the slippery rub of their anterior nodes against each other. His optics rolled back in his helm at the slick pressure and the heat which kept rising until he honestly thought he was going to pass out when he overloaded, mere seconds after Prowl did.

Wheeljack caught his attention too, having apparently recovered from Sideswipe's earlier 'assistance.' The tip of his spike was pierced with a thick steel barbell, one which seemed to gather up all the charge in Sunstreaker's valve and direct it inwards to his ceiling node. He didn't scream, but he came awfully close, arms and legs clutching Wheeljack's frame as he thrust into Sunstreaker over and over again.

And somewhere in the blur of it all, Sunstreaker's mind started to float, sound and sight dim and out of focus. It took a while for Sunstreaker to even recognize his own name when it was repeatedly spoken into his face. The light slap across the cheek probably helped.

"Ah. There you are," Ratchet's cranky voice grumped when Sunstreaker booted up his optics. He was leaning over Sunstreaker, weight propped up on a palm by Sunstreaker's head. "I'm

going to scan you, all right? Some of your last partners were becoming concerned at how out of it you're getting."

"... kiss me," Sunstreaker commanded, pawing at Ratchet's shoulder with an uncoordinated hand. No one had really kissed him yet, other than Prowl. Which had been nice, granted, but all of a sudden Sunstreaker could think of nothing better than a kiss from Ratchet.

Ratchet raised an orbital ridge and easily batted the hand aside. "No. I'm not on the list."

"Kiss me and... 'n I'll let you scan me!" Sunstreaker said, inordinately proud of the compromise.

"What...? I don't need your permission to scan you!" Ratchet replied. In the next instant, Sunstreaker felt the telltale prickle of a medical scan and he pouted, optics slipping back shut.

"He's fine, Ratch," Sideswipe insisted from somewhere close by. "You know you'd be the first person I'd call if I thought something was wrong."

Ratchet snorted dismissively. "Some of his last partners were *also* getting concerned with how much you were staring at them. This is not normal Sunstreaker behavior and you hovering didn't reassure them."

Sideswipe laughed. "Because you're so familiar with 'facing Sunny into a drooling, limp pile of metal? He's gone into a bit of a headspace, that's all. I've been keeping tabs on him."

Was he drooling? When Sunstreaker raised a hand up to his mouth, he found it was wet, but the substance on his fingers was thicker and somewhat tacky, not thin and slippery like oral lubricant.

"I'm fine," he mumbled, optic shutters too heavy to open. Besides, his brother was right. The whole reason Sideswipe was supposed to stay close tonight was they had anticipated Sunstreaker reacting like this. "'m fine, Ratchet... *kiss* me."

Ratchet huffed irritably. "Persistent, aren't you? Here then."

Sunstreaker felt a light brush of lips against his forehead and he smiled dreamily. Far better than a medical scan. "... thank you, Ratchet."

"You're welcome, Sunstreaker. You have another two hours, and I'm available if needed," Ratchet said quietly. Then he shifted away and raised his voice. "I'm trusting you to keep an optic on him."

"Please. I've barely looked away for longer than..."

And then it started up again.

Spikes sliding over his glossa and down his throat, spikes pushing past his spasming valve calipers, transfluid spattering onto his face or his abdomen and dribbling out to pool under his aft. Nameless hands and mouths and bodies, all warm and firm, and always accompanied by 'thank you, Sunstreaker.'

Everything was wonderfully blank by the time the last mech (First Aid? Beachcomber?) slid off the end of the bed, giving his ankle a gentle squeeze. Sunstreaker barely acknowledged it, happily floating outside his frame and tethered to it only by a thin thread.

After an indeterminate period of time, the thread was gently tugged upon. Ever so slowly, he was reeled in and he sank back into a body whose limbs were limp and languid. He reflexively rebooted his audials, his optic shutters still unresponsive. The first thing he noted was that it was a lot quieter than it had been before. There was some shuffling sounds here and there, but Sunstreaker could tell the majority of everyone had left.

“Wow. He’s really outta it, huh? He all right?” Jazz’s hushed voice spoke up from somewhere above Sunstreaker’s head.

“Oh, yeah, he’s fine,” Sideswipe replied nonchalantly. “Just pleasure drunk. He’ll starting coming up soon.”

“Do you need any assistance with him?” Optimus offered.

Sideswipe hummed thoughtfully. “There’s no way I’m lugging him back to our quarters like this, so we’ll just stay here for the rest of the shift, if that’s ok. The washracks are right outside, once I can get him upright. Until then, I’ll wipe him down a bit. But if one of you wants to spot clean the room and someone else grab some cubes of fuel and coolant, that would be great.”

Optimus and Jazz made sounds of agreement and Sunstreaker’s attention scattered again in favor of analyzing the way his frame felt. Sunstreaker was so focused on the tingly, swollen sensation of his plating that he twitched in surprise when a hand landed on his shin.

“Shhh... it’s just me,” Sideswipe said softly, Sunstreaker instantly relaxing at the sound of his brother’s voice. “You’re a mess, bro. Just gonna wipe you down a little, ok?”

The wet cloth applied to the side of his leg was chilly and Sunstreaker produced a wordless protest. Sideswipe made a noise of sympathy in return, but didn’t stop. He methodically cleaned up Sunstreaker’s frame, even going so far as to grab hold of his shoulders and slide him across the bed, out of the wet spot he was lying in. Then Sideswipe rolled him over and sopped up the mess sticking to his aft.

“There. Much better,” Sideswipe proclaimed, after giving Sunstreaker’s abdomen a final flick with a drying towel. “Although... you’re still dripping.”

Sunstreaker’s hips automatically tilted when Sideswipe’s fingers lightly passed over his valve, reigniting his dormant charge. Sideswipe made a thoughtful sound.

“... I think I can help you out with that,” Sideswipe mused.

Sunstreaker absently listened as Sideswipe shifted, moving with a barely-there sound of gambols and gears wheeling against one another. The bed jostled a bit and then Sunstreaker’s thighs were gently spread outward. Sideswipe’s hands rested on Sunstreaker’s knees, thumbs idly stroking the joints.

“You’re just going to keep making a mess if I don’t get all of this,” Sideswipe murmured, the words floating over Sunstreaker’s valve pleats. They were immediately followed by an agile glossa swiping up the left side of Sunstreaker’s valve before dipping into the entrance and slurping up the fluids still leaking out of him.

Sunstreaker’s moaned faintly as Sideswipe proceeded to lick up all the evidence of the other mechs who had used him. It felt so good, a continuation of the loving care that Sideswipe had begun with the sponge bath. It was somehow non-sexual despite the location, and Sideswipe’s fingers were gentle and careful as they spread him open so he could lick into all the crevices.

And when Sideswipe couldn't find any more transfluid, he slid upwards and wrapped his lips around Sunstreaker's anterior node.

Then... then it turned sexual so abruptly that Sunstreaker's haptic net actually hurt as it pinged to life with a vengeance. The sound that tore out of Sunstreaker's throat as a result could only be described as a keen. His body suddenly came back to life, and he scrambled at the back of Sideswipe's helm, hips urgently rocking up into each slow and careful suck.

Besides Jazz and Prowl, this was the first time tonight anyone had actively paid attention to his node. And even with Prowl, it had been more of a rut than truly manipulating the swollen nub. Sideswipe's mouth didn't stray from it at all; even his fingers didn't do more than spread the pleats surrounding it so he could press closer, suck more of the oversensitive bundle of sensory filament into his mouth.

All of that buzz and tingle which had been evenly spread out across his body drew inward, centering behind his pelvis. It knotted up into a tight, pulsing ball of need and Sunstreaker sobbed as it exponentially grew with every ventilation. It felt amazing, but he also felt adrift and alone in this sea of pleasure. Everything he'd just experienced, the connections he'd made... hadn't they all been deep inside his body only a few minutes ago? And now it was all external and he was the sole focus of the bliss.

"Sides... *Sides*," he pleaded, and Sideswipe hummed in response. Sunstreaker thrashed beneath the influx of new sensation, Sideswipe's fingertips digging into his hips like an anchor.

I got you... I got you, baby. You did so good... you were so good to everyone else... and now I'm going to be good to you, Sideswipe crooned softly in the back of Sunstreaker's mind. His glossa swept across Sunstreaker's node, again and again, firm little presses that just about drove Sunstreaker wild.

He was so close... he was so close and he needed just a little bit more and he wanted it so much, but he didn't know what to ask for.

Fortunately, they were well versed in knowing what the other needed.

Still lapping and sucking at Sunstreaker's node, Sideswipe reached up to remove Sunstreaker's hands from his helm. He threaded their fingers together, signing *I love you, spark of my spark* into Sunstreaker's palms.

And Sunstreaker remembered he wasn't alone. He was never alone.

His overload swept over him, breaking upon him like a tsunami against the shore. That throbbing ball of bliss exploded outward into all of his limbs, a blanket of pure, blinding white descending upon all of his senses.

--

Sideswipe licked Sunstreaker's nub one last time and then slipped his fingers out from between his brother's now limp digits. As he pushed back onto his knees, Sideswipe shook out his hands, marveling at the dents in the plating.

Well, someone had *definitely* enjoyed that.

Smiling smugly, he rotated his head from side to side, feeling a satisfying 'twang' at the base of neck. In the process, he caught sight of Optimus and Jazz standing completely still off to the side. Their mouths were open as they gawked and the fluid in the cubes Optimus held were dangerously close to spilling from where his arms were unconsciously sinking.

"Show's not over til the Sunny sings!" Sideswipe chirped in explanation, his audials still ringing from Sunstreaker's wail. "Those for us?"

He wriggled his fingers in Optimus' direction. Sideswipe normally would have gotten up from the bed to get them himself, but his twin was still reeling. Sideswipe didn't dare leave him. As it was, Sunstreaker's pede was weakly hooked around the back of Sideswipe's knee, retaining a point of contact.

"Ah... yes. Yes, they are," Optimus said, shaking himself out of his daze. He strode across the distance between them and handed the cubes over. Sideswipe made a nice little pile on the bed and then smiled up at Optimus.

"Thanks, Prime," Sideswipe said earnestly. Prime hadn't had to do that. He could have left along with the others. Of course, Optimus had been the one to come up with this whole idea, so maybe he planned on sticking around to the very end for everyone. "You, too, Jazz."

"Not a problem, my mech," Jazz said easily, tossing his cleaning rag into a disposal unit. "Room's pretty much straightened up. Maintenance bots will be by tomorrow for a more in depth cleanin', so you can hang out until then. I'll send ya a temporary code so ya can lock the door; keep out any riff-raff who may be thinkin' about an encore. There was a bit of high grade flowin' at the end there, so ya never know."

Sideswipe had noticed, although he had refrained. With Sunstreaker descending so deeply into complacency, Sideswipe had wanted to keep his full attention on his twin in case something went amiss. Fortunately, everyone had been surprisingly respectful and careful with Sunstreaker the entire night.

"Sideswipe... might I ask you a question?" Optimus asked as Sideswipe slithered further up the bed. He grabbed Sunstreaker by the shoulders and pulled his upper body into Sideswipe's lap, grunting a little with the effort.

Sunstreaker and his stupid dense armor...

"You just did, Prime," Sideswipe commented, flashing a grin at the other mech. Then he turned his attention back to his twin, jostling him lightly. "Time to come up a level, Sunshine. You're running hot and need some coolant."

"No, I..."

Optimus exasperatedly huffed a little before speaking again. "Sunstreaker was the first non-command Autobot to receive the others. I know you were not at the center of it all that but I am sure you were watching closely. Do you feel it was effective?"

"Effective how?" Sideswipe asked distractedly, nudging his brother more strongly along the bond. Sunstreaker was an uncoordinated, mumbling mess both in frame and mind, but he was easily led when like this. Even though his optics remained off, he readily opened his mouth when Sideswipe tipped the container of coolant against his lips. Halfway through the cube, Sideswipe felt Sunstreaker's scorching-hot frame begin to drop back towards normal temperatures.

“Effective in bringing us all together.”

Sideswipe tilted his head as he peered up at the Autobot commander. “Prime... considering the large crowd, I can definitely say that it brought us all together.”

“No, I meant...”

“I know what you meant,” Sideswipe said softly, gaze dropping back down to his brother’s face to note that Sunstreaker’s optics had finally flickered on. “... I caught over two dozen mechs staring at Sunny like they had never seen him before... and were *liking* what they were seeing. Pit... I think Hound would dive in front of a bullet for him now.

“So yeah...” he said, smiling up at Optimus. “I think it’s working. Maybe we should have a cross factional version... ending the war through fucking. I’m up for it; I do have a bit of a wing-kink, after all.”

Optimus just stared at him with wide optics until Jazz stepped up next to him and nudged Optimus’ elbow, grinning widely. “We’ll discuss it at the next command meeting, eh, boss bot?”

“I will... take it under advisement,” Optimus said in a strangled voice, glancing down at Jazz. “And on that note, we will let you two be. Please tell Sunstreaker thank you, again.”

“Sure thing. Night!” Sideswipe called out as the two of them retreated. The lock engaged and a moment later, Sideswipe received a short message from Jazz with the door code.

“... mm... they go?” Sunstreaker slurred after the last of the coolant had been swallowed down.

“Yeah. Just us now, unless you wanted me to call for someone?” Sideswipe asked, stroking Sunstreaker’s cheek. It would have been an unusual request, but Sideswipe would have honored it if Sunstreaker had thought he’d needed more bodies to ground him.

“...no...”

Sunstreaker’s optics started to dim once more, his mouth components slack now that he wasn’t actively swallowing. Sideswipe thought he was slipping back down again when he mumbled something else.

It was so quietly spoken that even Sideswipe couldn’t hear it as close as he was. He lightly tapped Sunstreaker’s cheek, causing a frown and his optics to refocus on Sideswipe’s face.

“I couldn’t hear you, babe,” Sideswipe said apologetically to the irritated expression now aimed his way. “What’d you say?”

“... ‘r spike.”

Sideswipe glanced down at his pelvis. “Yeah, what about it? I’ve still got the ring on.”

“... off. Take off...” Sunstreaker raised a hand and weakly tapped his knuckles against Sideswipe’s chest. Then his arm flopped back down to his side.

Primus, Sunstreaker was so adorable when he was out of it like this. “Can’t, Sunny. Whole panel’s locked down, remember? And I gave *you* the code. Besides... why?”

A moment later Sideswipe was pinged with a text file. “... use it on me. Idiot.”

Well, Sunstreaker's frame may have still been weak, but his processor was finally picking up speed. "What, you haven't had enough overloads for one night?"

Regardless, Sideswipe eagerly swiveled his hips out from under Sunstreaker and unlocked his panel with the medic code Sunstreaker had kept throughout the evening. The cover immediately transformed aside of its own volition, lubricant dribbling out from his primed valve.

He had to close his optics and vent for a moment as the cooler air floated over his heated components, making him twitch at the barely there stimulation. His spike had still managed to partly pressurize despite the ring and it took a bit of effort for his trembling fingers to unclamp it. Once he did, it filled completely, throbbing in time with his sparkbeat.

Sunstreaker made an appreciative noise and he nudged Sideswipe's upper thigh. "Spike me."

"I won't last long," Sideswipe warned, already on the brink of overload now that his systems weren't being suppressed.

"Don't need to come... just want you in me," Sunstreaker replied, reaching down and trailing shaking fingers up Sideswipe's spike.

"You keep doin' that, and I won't even get that far," Sideswipe muttered, twitching away from Sunstreaker's touch. "Here, lie on your front."

Spike bobbing in the air, Sideswipe helped his twin roll over and slid a pillow closer for Sunstreaker to embrace. Then he flopped down behind him and pressed close, prompting Sunstreaker's engine to kick over into a low, rumbling purr.

It wasn't surprising. Sunstreaker liked being the little spoon when he was coming up from a headspace like the one he'd been in all night. And if he could fall into recharge with Sideswipe inside him, all the better.

Sunstreaker's valve was still copiously wet, although he wasn't laying in a puddle any longer. It took no effort at all to slip inside, a truly embarrassing squeak emerging from between Sideswipe's lips as he sheathed himself to the hilt. It felt so good to his touch-starved array that he had to rest his forehelm against Sunstreaker's back and count his vents for a minute to keep from coming on the spot.

"... gonna move anytime soon?" Sunstreaker asked, amusement wreathing his words. He stretched over onto his stomach a little more, jostling Sideswipe's spike. Sideswipe helplessly hunched closer, fingers digging into his twin's waist.

"Shut. Up."

Sunstreaker chuckled, which really didn't help matters as the vibrations echoed up through Sideswipe's spike. He refrained from wildly going at it in favor of a slow and shallow pump of his pelvis, but it took every ounce of his willpower. He desperately searched for anything to take his mind off the delicious wet heat encompassing his spike.

"Who bit you?" Sideswipe finally asked, spying the distinctive marks in the plating on Sunstreaker's upper back. He trailed a shaking finger over them, lips curving into an unhappy frown. Without even thinking about it, he leaned forward and sunk his denta in around the dents, biting down hard enough to make Sunstreaker's whole frame jerk.

"Hound," he said, flailing a hand backwards. "Stop it... possessive *fragger*."

Sideswipe released him and he slowly licked over the marks, his lower half picking up speed.

“Mmhm,” he hummed in agreement, finally giving in to the inevitable. He clutched Sunstreaker close, mouth pressed the dents in a reverent kiss, and lost himself in the snap of his hips.

It was barely a dozen thrusts later that he overloaded, moaning brokenly as a full night’s denied charge ground out in one strut-shaking burst. His vision and audial feed turned to static, but he could still feel his brother, one of Sunstreaker’s hands wrapped around his. As the overload ebbed, his slowing spark synched up with its twin and any lingering tension drained out of both of them.

“Mmmm... you ok? Need anythin?” Sideswipe asked drowsily. “I could...”

He jostled their joined hands, trying to slide his down Sunstreaker’s abdomen, but Sunstreaker just tightened his grip even further.

“Nngh. If I came anymore right now, I think I’d break something,” Sunstreaker murmured, the words a little muffled by the pillow.

“... potentially worth it,” Sideswipe replied as he thought about it. He couldn’t *wait* until it was his turn at Share Night. “Enjoy yourself?”

“Definitely a lot of good overloads. And...”

Sunstreaker was silent for a long moment and Sideswipe could practically *feel* his twin thinking hard. He almost prompted him to continue when Sunstreaker finally spoke again. “I... they... they *thanked* me. The way they *looked* at me...”

“‘bout damn time,” Sideswipe said immediately, happy his brother had noticed too. “You’re amazing. You’re beautiful and wonderful, and they’re idiots for not realizing that sooner. They should thank Primus He made you.”

“...Sideswipe...” Sunstreaker whined Sideswipe’s designation with a mix of embarrassment and helplessness before burying his face even further into his pillow.

“What? It’s *true!*” Sideswipe protested. “You know that, right? You should! Or do I not tell you it enough?”

When Sunstreaker didn’t reply, Sideswipe bit him again, making Sunstreaker hiss a curse and elbow Sideswipe in the stomach.

“You have to say that, you’re my twin...” Sunstreaker said when Sideswipe finally released him. “... and I love you for it, I do. But it’s still nice for someone else, someone who doesn’t share my spark, to look at me the way you do. So, yes... I enjoyed myself.”

Sideswipe snuggled closer, content. “Good. I’m happy they’ve learned to appreciate you. But you’re mine and they can’t keep you.”

The optic roll was practically audible.

“Yes, Sideswipe... I’m yours,” Sunstreaker said with fond exasperation.

“Better believe it. And it’s not as if you aren’t going to be the same when it’s my turn,”

Sideswipe pointed out.

Sunstreaker squeezed Sideswipe's hand again. "Yeah, probably. Except I won't go biting you everywhere like a rabid turbohound."

"Pft. You like it," Sideswipe stated and pressed his forehead against Sunstreaker's upper back, settling down into the covers. Now that he had determined Sunstreaker was both physically and mentally ok, he could relax out of his hypervigilant state.

"... I kind of do," Sunstreaker murmured. "Thanks for watching out for me tonight, Sides."

Sideswipe smiled and pressed a soft kiss against his twin's plating. "Anytime, love."

~ End

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